

Humfrey Duke of Gloucestre



SFORZA

*by
Rob. Greville*



GEORGE

THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
LODOVICK
SFORZA
DVKE
OF
MILLAN.

By Robert Gomersall. *K*

Imprinted at LONDON in the yeare
M DC XXVIII.

THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
LODOVICK



45.
6. 30.
1217.

By Robert Gower.

Printed in London in the year
MDCXXVII

TO
HIS MOST WOR-
THIE FRIEND Mr.
FRANCIS HIDE
PROCTOR OF
OXFORD.



Having resolved what to print, I could not be long doubtfull unto whom: it had beene an unfriendly absurdity not to haue intitled him to my second, who might not uniuersally haue challenged the patronage of my first Labour. But if untill this time I had had no reason for such a dedication, if the same most fruitfull Colledge had not for these many years knowne vs of the same time and friendship, if in all offices of life I had not still found you most inseparably one with mee: yet this Worke at this time could not offer it selfe to any so iustly as to you. It is to your name that I owe what euer fruits of my spent time shall be preserved, it is to your name that I owe what euer fruits of my former time, being unhappily lost, may haue a possibilitie of reconery. And could I dedicate any of my remaining Labours with
more

The Epistle Dedicatory:

more iustice vnto any, then to him, by whose friendly care, I dare almost assure my selfe of them which are remaining? But some perhaps may say for this, that it had beene better if it had beene lost, or at least that these kind of Labours are more iudiciously suppress then published. Sermons had beene fitter for my setting forth, and to preach more proper then to write. But is not this to preach? I haue heard diners speake an houre, who preach not, and there are many, who effectually preach, that are more sparing of their breath. If I make the ambitious see that he climbs but to a fall, the vsurper to acknowledge, that blood is but a slippery foundation of power, all men in generall to confesse that the most glorious is not the most safe place: is not this to cry downe Ambition and Vsurpation? or is it lesse to shew, then to threaten? and are not men so much moued with the euent it selfe, as with the commination of the euent? And yet in this age, wherein only Heresie or Sedition preferre a Booke, wherein Contradiction is called Learning, and Zeale wonders that she is become Faction, I can expect but a few Readers, whose small number shall be no discouragement at all to me if that your iudgement shall counterpoise them, which is the onely desired crowne of

Your true friend,

R. G.

The Argument.

I*Odovicke Sforza*, after hee had cunningly supplanted the Duchesse from the wardship of her sonne *Galeazzo*, as cunningly practizeth to bee the murtherer of him, of whom he would seeme to be the Protector. To this end he was to remoue this impediment. *Isabella* daughter to the Prince of Calabria, and Grand-childe vnto *Ferdinand* King of Naples, was wife to *Galeazzo*. A woman of a spirit as high as her birth, and equall to *Sforza* in all things but the sex: shee perceiuing the stupidity of her husband, and how that whatsoeuer she projected for his safety, he discovered to his vnkle, for his ouerthrow, makes her father secretly acquainted with all the passages, desiring him to vindicate his son in law from the vsurpation of his Protector. This could not be so priuately dispatched, but that *Sforza* had an incling of it, whether out of his owne reach hee guessed it: or by his Nephewes sottishnesse he vnderstood it. To preuent then his owne ruine, whilst he intends his Nephewes, he ventures on those remedies which the height of feare rather rusheth on, then churseth,

The Argument.

seth, which more expresse and exchange, then remoue, or auoyd a danger. He knew the French claime to *Naples*, to the prosecution of which he sollicites the yong King; whom either his right, or inconsideratenesse quickly armes vnto the action. But before his comming, hee by continuall messengers deludes the old King, and makes him belecue that there was no purpose of his comming, and that the French journey vnto *Naples*, as it was onely the childe of rumor, & had no being but frō fame, so in a very short space, in the age of a wonder it would vanish and expire. Thus was *Ferdinand* perswaded from his necessary defence, till hauing certainly vnderstood that all defence would be too late, the French being already very strong vpon his frontires, cheated, not conquer'd, hee dyes and leaues his sonne *Alphonso* heire of his kingdom, and his troubles. The French King being now entred in person into *Italy*, *Galeazzo* dyes of a poyson at *Pavia*, when *Sforza* has brought this worse poyson into his Country. But the French growing prodigiously victorious, and almost by the very seeing ouercomming their opposites, *Sforza* begins to be apprehensieue of his owne danger, and striues to rid himselfe of these incumbrances, in the which a too much prouidence had intangled him. A consideration with

The Argument.

without doubt necessary, but almost past the season, it being neer vnto an impossibility to expell him now, whom it was far from any difficulty at the first not to admit. So that this second resolution did onely proclaime the folly of the first, which either in wisdom hee should not haue ventur'd on, or, in honesty not haue altred. But howsoeuer, hee enters into a new league with the *Venetians*, and giues the French after their victorious returne from *Naples* halfe an ouerthrow at *Taro*. And now when hee thinks himselfe confirm'd in his Dukedome, when he as little fear'd ruine, as he deseru'd preservation; the French King dyes suddenly, to whom *Lewis*, the true Duke of *Orleans*, and titular Duke of *Millan*, succeeded, with him *Sforza* late friend, the *Venetians* conclude a league. Thus *Sforza* being left alone, raiseth two armies vnder the conduct of the two *Sansseuerins*, men, whom hee had highly fauour'd and aduanced. But it is scarce scene, that a faithlesse Master should haue a trusty seruant, and hee that hath no respect to his owne word, shall in the extremest of his necessities, finde all others promises but words. The elder reuolts, and the yonger, without the least show of resistance, flies, and *Sforza* himselfe is so closely pursued, that he can scarce get away safe into *Germany*. The French abusing

The Argument.

abusing their late victory, the *Millanese* with a generall consent, recall *Sforza*; who, like a melting snow, overflows all before him, and recovers most of his Duchy, with the same easynesse that he had lost it. The strength of his Army consisted especially of *Swizzers*, whom the late overthrow of the warlike Duke of *Burgundy*, and these Italian wars, had raised to the height of admiration. But to be valiant is not to have all vertues: these were as strong in treachery, as in battle, they lead *Sforza* in the habite of a *Swizzer* into the French camp, through which in the same habit they had promised to conduct him. Thus hauing beene twice betrayd, and now a prisoner, after a ten yeers harsh confining hee dyes in *France*, hauing liu'd in his misery, longer then in his Duchy, and leauing instruction to succeeding Princes that height should not be their ayme, but integrity; and that they would not (that I may vse the words of our Poet) tempt their starres beyond their light.

The

The names of the Actors.

Giovanni Galeazzo the yong Duke.
Lodovick Sforza His Protector, afterwards Duke.

Galeazzo } two brothers of the house of
Count Caiazzo } Sansfuerin, Sforza's fauorites.

Lucio Maluezzo } two of the
Carlo Burbiano Count Belgiosa } Nobility.

Juliano } two old Courtiers.

Picinino }

Vitellio } Poysoners.

Malatesta }

Ascanio Sforza's brother, a Cardinall.

Trinlcio The French Generall.

The Captaine of the Swizzers.

Isabella Galeazzo's wife.

Iulia.

Bettrice wife to Sforza.

Embassadors, Souldiers, Seruants.

The

The Prologue.

C An horror haue an auditory? can
Man loue the Spectacle of ruin'd man?
We fear'd we should haue beene alone, that hence,
The Actors should haue beene the Audience.
Are you not frighted yet? doe you not rise?
Can that inuite, which should dismay your eyes?
We shew neer murders, and in that degree
Where Mariage is unlawfull, then, the free
Progresse of crimes, by nimble Iustice met,
Equally horrid, this we shew, but yet
Vnlesse your Courtesie, your Iudgement sway,
We suffer a worse torture, then we play.

Adus

Actus primi

Scena prima.

*Galeazzo Duke of Millane, Isabella
his Wife.*

Why weeps my Deare?
Aske why I do not weep:
(Poore *Isabella* are thy teares deny'd thee?)
Aske why thus long such a succession
Of sorrow clogs my bosome, and does rob
So much of Woman from mee, as complaints.
Aske why I doe not raue, teare my haire, thus,
Create a griefe, which Fate would spare me, then
Cloud the sad Ayre with sighes, and at the last,
With a bold stab take from insulting Fortune
The miserable obiect of her sport:
Aske why I doe not this, not, why I weepe.
I. Or stint thy teares, or mingle them with mine
By a relation of their cause: these eyes,
Trust me, my *Isabella*, are not dry,
Nor has strong sorrow ere exhausted them,
To make them bankrout of a friendly teare,
Doe thou but proue it once a friendly teare
And not a fond one. Why, my *Isabella*,
Why dost thou hasten those that come too fast,

Sorrow

The Tragedy of Sforza.

Sorrow, and Age? If it be true, I heard
Of *Sforza*, my deare *Sforza*, ther's no ioy
But either past, or fleeting, and poore man
Growes vp but to the experience of Griefe,
And then is truly past minority
When he is past all happinesse:

Jfab. My Lord,
My sorrow dares not argue with your loue,
This smile expels it.

Gal. Be it banisht farre,
Eternally, or to the yeares of Age.
I, thale vnclouded lookes become my deare,
And giue me ioy too. I must hunt to day
With my deare vncl: O he is a man
That alters all those fond relations,
Which Nature giues, who in an vncl's name
Our loues a Father: I could praise him still,
But that I stay too long from him: farewell.

Jfab. O *Galeaxo*! O not *Galeaxo*!
How has Man fled thee! how thy soule has fled thee!
Onely thy lineaments bely a Man.
Thou hunt, alas poore Prince, thou art the Game:
Thy vncl hunts: and yet he does not neither,
But stands a glad, and idle looker on,
Whilst thou insnar'st thy selfe, sinfully fool'd,
Flattering thy Executioner, and so
Dost not preuent thy misery, nor yet know.

Enter Gale

Gal. I am return'd once more, before I'me gone,
To see if thy fond griefe be not return'd;
What ioy is there in a forbidden griefe?
What comfort in the eyes sad flux? once more
Is it my fault giues you these teares?

Jfab. My faults,

The Tragedy of Sforza

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For which so strange a sadness seizes me,
That it increaseth when I strive with it,
And makes my face rebellious to my Lord,
When my heart yeelds.

al. Then once againe, adieu,
For sake your griefe, or griefe will forsake you. *Exit.*

ab. For sake my griefe—O bid me forsake heau'n,
My reason, and mine honor: onely sighes
Doe keepe me in opinion of Being,
And without them I were a stupid coarse.
Shall I obey impossibilities?

For sake the sorrow, and retaine the cause?
How can I thinke that yet the vntyr'd Sunne
Has iourny'd but a twelue-month, since I was

In *Ferdinando's* Court, the Paragon
Of happy *Naples*, when his Palace seem'd
Guarded with Princely tutors, and mine eye,

Caught with so many rarities of men,
Taught me that too much choyce did hinder choyce,
That *Galeazzo* then must cary me?

This *Galeazzo*, neither Prince, nor Man,
Fool'd out of both by *Sforza*, his deare vncle.
Can I thinke this, and thinke of ioy againe?

Can I thinke this, and dare to thinke againe?
Why should some toyes of after-torment fright
A resolution of easing me

From present ones? O tis the curse of man
To be vnhappy at arbitrement, *Enter Iulia.*
Till heau'n please to relent. My *Iulia*,

Breath's *Naples* any comfort? quickly speake.
al. None, Madam, and your courteous Grandfather
In stead of Armies lends you Patience.

ab. What patience? he should haue lent me rage,
Ayded my anger, if not my reuenge!

B. a

Pat.

The Tragedy of Sforza.

Patience? O God! can griefe be patient?
Can Thunder whisper? or chaf'd seas not roare?
In me is Sea and thunder, I will be
A patternne of Reuenge not misery.

Scena secunda.

Sforza.

Sforza as yet thou but beginst to act,
And yet beginst to stagger: wert thou not
A Princes sonne? why art thou not a Prince?
Protectors are but subiects, and this staffe
But shewes me vnder whose command I am.
Is this our hindrance that our mother first
Swell'd with another? what her wombe denyde
Our head shall giue, or we will loose our head,
What was her labour to a Crowne? Perhaps
A monster might haue fill'd her first, a thing
Of royall prodegy, and should this thing
Grow to be hooted to a crowne before vs?
Or if that Crownes be due to the most yeares,
Why should the Nephew be the Vncles Lord?
And Lawes of Nations conquer those of Nature?
Nature intended Sov'raignty to them
Of soueraigne vnderstanding; to the rest,
How euer aged, but subiection,
Which *Isabella* would detaine vs in:
And whilst she trusts to *Naples*, our sad brow
May sooner weare willow, then Diadems. *Enter*
Return'd so soone, my *Belgiosa*? thanks, *Belgiosa*
Before I heare thy message, for thy hast,

The Tragedy of Sforza

el. My Lord, our sudden coming into France,
Left fame behind vs, where grieu'd, we crau'd
A priuate audience?

But had you it?

Did not our enemies sharpe espies descry
The depth of our hid counsells?

They might first

Descry the subtile path of a swift ship,
The voyage of a bullet, or of thought,
Before your more mysterious purposes?

f. Then since we are alone, and in a place
Free from the bold intrusion of an eye,
Feigne Vs the Prince to whom we sent you forth,
And speake our Embassy vnto our selfe.

el. Grear Prince, to haue the offer of a Crowne
Is rare, and your felicity: my Lord,
Millans Protector, but your seruant, knowing

The ancient right your predecessors had
In vsurpt Naples, by vs wooes your Grace

(Consider vnto what he wooes your Grace)
Not to maintaine his pow'r, but make your owne,
To take a Kingdome that e'ne sighes for you.

So shall the infamy of a lost crowne
Rot in the earth with your dead Ancestors,
And the recouery reuiue their names.

To waite vpon your triumph with your foes?

For so much iustice needs no other power,
And yet such is your pow'r, that it is able

To make what euer you should fancy, just:

But that your vertue is aboue that pow'r,

I will not call you vsurer of Fame,

By this large act, when the astonisht world

Now fifty Ages off from vs, shall reade

Not in the boastings of a painted tombe

(The flatteries of great Fortenness) but your name
 Writ in *Asterisks* true Characters,
 For making conquer'd Crowns the rudiments
 Of your victorious infancy in armes,
 When France shall know no other *Charlemagne*.

Sf. But should we faile in the attempt? what then?

Belg. Can Heav'n faile Iustice? or those pow'rs commit
 Sinnes which they punish? O my gracious Lord
 Sinne not with that weake thought: but if they should
 Sforza will neuer:

Sf. He is alwaies noble,

But hee'l vndoe vs with a benefit,
 To give a king come is above requitall.

Belg. His hopes are but the prayle of honest deeds,
 If in the rereward of your spreading Fame,
 That fills all mouthes, some happy tongue may glance
 At him, as a poore engine of your glory,
 That could impart, but not possesse a Fame.

Sf. Excellent man, if to this welcome speech
 Thou giust as faire an answer,

Bel. This in brieft

After some scruple, and a little pause
 He whisper'd he would come,

Sf. Exactly done,

But leaue vs now, my noble *Belgiosa*,
 Till we may study a reward for thee.

Ex. Belg.

The twilight hastens, when *Vitellio*
 And *Malatesta* one of an high trust

Em. Vitell.

With our fond Nephew, promised conference. *O. Malat.*

And here they are Is it decreed braue friends?
 Shall it be swiftly done? nay, tis no matter,
 Your colour sayes you dare not.

Vit.

It lyes then?

If that my colour shew me disobedient

To

The Tragedy of Sforza.

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To my good Lord, be I for euer pale:
But when shall *Galeazares* with'd-for death
Shew we dare somewhat?

We would gladly haue
A poyson reach him linger to his death,
And a month hence we shall expect his knell.

Now are we entred, and now to retire
Were the worse treason: like an inrag'd fire
The more we are oppos'd, the more wee'l spread
And make our foes our fewell: to be head
Wee'l cut off any member, and condemne
Vertue of folly for a Diadem,
Banish Religion, and make blood as cheape
As when two Armies turn'd into one heape
Of carcasses, lye grou'ling, what care we
For the slight tainture of disloyalty?
None will commend the race till it be run,
And these are deeds not prais'd till they are done.

Scena tertia.

Iuliana, Picinino.

Iul. My *Picinino*, holds this sad newes true?

Pici. My *Iuliana*, yes, tis in each voyce
That some perswasion flatter'd *Ferdinand*,
That the French Iourney was but a report,
Made him reuoke *Alphonse*, his braue sonne,
Who with an Army had indanger'd vs:
For the wise old man fearing, a deepe feare
Might arme an enemy, els too weake for him,
And make vs hasten the French warre, gaue o're

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His warre with vs : but when he vnderstands
That all this quiet does not purchase peace,
The coozen'd Prince seekes the sure peace of death,
And leaues his ruine to destroy his sonne.

Iul. Will the French come? then prethee, Death, come too.
Why should our eyes dull'd to all other sights
By Age and sorrow, be reseru'd for sight
Of warre and sorrow? O discourteous heau'n!
Why haue you dally'd with vs to white hayres?
Why kept till this time, must we perish now?
O wherefore are we come so neere the grane
And are not in it yet? yet pardon me
Good heau'n, your acts are aboue question:
Yet I may shed these teares for *Italy*;
Slaue of that world, which once, her valour flau'd,
Restoring backe her triumph's with her spoyle,
Distracted in herselfe, and onely fit
To make a bankrupt Poet heale his credit
With matter for fresh Tragedies.

Pic.

Good heau'n!

Is this to ease misfortune, or increase it?
If Passion could whine out felicity,
Or plenteous teares could drowne unhappinesse,
I haue eyes too, and they containe their showres,
Nor would I ere be niggard of a Griefe.
But teares being onely teares, an easie dew
Of childish eyes, and all the rest of Griefe
Commanding smiles, more then Compassion,
I thanke my *Genius* I am resolute
To laugh at Fortune when she is most angry.

Iul. Such laughter may haue little mirth in it,
And I shall haue more comfort in a teare.

Pic. You may, good Fountaine, yes, droppe on, to see,
If so much moysture will reuiue thy cheekes

Whilst

The Tragedy of Sforza.

Whilst Ile be yong with laughter, I am he
That feares a sorrow, more then misery.

Scena quarta.

Vitellio.

This is the place, and this the time : good heau'n!
What an odd place, and what an vncouth time?

Had I beene hyr'd to murder *Sforza* here,
Hell could not prompt more fit occasion.

I like nor it, nor him : but here he comes. *Ent. Sforza.*

Sf. Welcome *Vitellio*, thy hast is welcome :

Nay complement with him, whom thou wouldst kill,
Be free to vs as we doe know thee true.

Speak, yet I need not bid thee, for thine eye
Sparkles a ioyfull answer. It is done.

Vit. Tis done my Lord, and now my Lord, 'tis told
(That *Galeazzo* is no more a man)

And with an euen scruple, for to me
The act's as easie as relation.

Sf. Thou speak'st true manhood : 'tis thy art alone

That giues vs certaine honour : there are some

Striue for Æternity with losse of life,

At least with hazard of the losse of it,

And thinke they are reueng'd when they are kill'd?

These are our valiant duellists, and these

Doe bleed whilst we doe conquer, heale their wounds,

VWhilst we receiue none: then, at last, vnfold

(Man of deepe Art, that canst prevent the Fates,

And cut a thread, which they had thought to spurne

Fourty yeares yonger) thy wise mysteries.

Thy

The Tragedy of Sforza.

Thy constant, never failing stratagems,
Which cause a death, without a feare of death,

Vit. Here are some drugs, but of these some, not one

But can command a life where ere it is,
And ruinate the strongest workmanship
That Heu'n ere brag'd to haue compos'd of Earth.

Powders of speedy Fate, but aboue all
The instruments, which make me neere to death
Of such indear'd familiarity.

This glasse has nimblest operation:
Whose liquor cast vpon the face of man
Straight dulls him to an euerlasting sleepe.

Sf. Is this the liquor of Aeternity? *Vitellio falls*

Then take thy Lethe, and goe sleepe for euer. *as dead.*

Mal. I am deceiu'd, or else this is the place *Enter Malas.*

Which *Sforza* chooseth when he is alone.

Yes, this is it.

Sf. What *Malatesta* come?

What Deuill brought him hither? O crosse starres!

Be sudden, *Sforza*, now, or thou art lost:

He must beleeue our guilt was accident. *He falls vpon*

Speake, my *Vitellio*, O tune thy lips *Vitellio.*

But to one syllable, but to one groane

And I am satisf'd.

Mal. What fight is here?

Vitellio dead, and *Sforza* turnd a Mourner?

Sf. Shouldst thou dye thus, how would my name be soild?

For though I am as guiltlesse of thy death,

As Innocence, or if there be a name

That hath lesse being: yet the enuious world

Will quit curst Fortune of so great a crime,

And giue it me: yet speake.

Mal. I me bold my Lord,

To aske your Honor when this dismal chance

First

The Tragedy of Sforza.

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First frighted Hea't'n?

Sf. Now, *Malatesta*, now:

When could vnhappinesse raise me to, but now?

As if he meant to be before his Lord,

He had no sooner told the Prince must dye,

But he straight dy'd.

Mal. Then courage, my good Lord,

Since it is thus, make the best vse of it:

For now you need not feare to be reueal'd,

When one mouth's stop't, and th'other is your owne:

But since your last retyrement, we haue beene

Instructed by the speed of frequent Poasts,

Of the arriuall of the King of France.

Sf. With thanks, a while, my *Malatesta*, leaue vs.

Why should we longer thinke of other pow'rs,

And not bring offerings now to our owne braine?

Which giues vs Agents of all kinds of men,

And Kings aswell as poyrners: this wile King

Must trouble Naples, who would trouble vs,

Diuert inuasions which are yet not made,

And thus our ends are cheapely brought about,

We onely at the charge of plott: they fight,

And *Galiasso* dyes, whom either King

Were they not thus intangled, would preserue:

We shall be conquerors without fighting thus,

And their poore swords shall cut a way for vs.

I'me for you France.

Vit. And I am for you, *Sforza*,

Not poyson'd yet, vnlesse 'twere by thy teares.

The other liquor had an Antidote.

Happy suspect! had I beene credulous

And thought his loue as free as it would seeme

I had not beene, distrust has ransom'd me.

But *Malatesta* is intrapp'd, I know

Sforza for nothing did not aske the skill:
 My equall villaine perishes, and I
 Thus being accessary to his death
 May sinne to Innocence, by boasting off
 The Princes fate to him; whilst a disguise
 Shall keepe alive the fame that I am dead.
 And thus halfe truth shall come to light, and I,
 Be wisely cleer'd by double villany.

Scena quinta.

Calizzo, Sanseuerin, Maluerzo.

Sanf. **A**S I am noble, 'twas a glorious sight,
 To see two Princes, in their State at once:
 As if two Sunnes had harmlesly conspir'd
 To beautifie, and not to fright the Meau'ns.
 Why should the formall nicety of State
 Debarre these often enterviewes? I thinke
 They would be medicine against Tyranny:
 For, when a Prince sees all things vnder him,
 Heads of eternall nakednesse, and men
 That make their glory of their seruitude,
 He thinks hee's vncontroulable, that none
 Without a fauicy imputation
 Dares warne him to his duty: but suppose
 Anequall Maiesty should once become
 His viuall obiekt, one, whose vncheck't blood
 Runnes full as high as his, then he does learne,
 That ther's a Common-wealth of Princes too,
 Not one sole Monarch.

Cal.

Yet, Sanseuerin,

If you obseru'd some clouds obscur'd both Sunnes,

For

For, when they smil'd most freely, and exprest
Their neereſt friendship by a ſtrict embrace,
They lookt ſo ieaſouſly, as if they fear'd
A cloſer ſlab: and then the King tooke leaue
With that exceſſe of haſt, that one would thinke
(After this eager preparation,)
He did intend his iourney to leaue vs,
Not to winne Naples.

Mal. 'Tis a dangerous time,
(And yet I ſeeme to croſſe the truth I ſpeake
When I not feare to call't a dangerous time)
Sforza is ouer-wiſe, and ſo attempts
Vpon the confidence of his owne braine
(A braine, though wiſe, yet I may ſafely ſay,
Within the poſſibilitie of error)
Things, that can onely hap by miracle
To any good.

Sanſ. Why, what can happen ill?
Feare you a warre? and what's to be fear'd there?
Leaſt that a mortall dy, leaſt that the life
Due to a knotty gout, or grating ſtone,
Haue a more eaſie period by the ſword.
Let them feare warre, who feare to ſee their gold,
Leſt that the Sunne ſhould haue a fight with them;
Holding ſo much of Earth, th'are turn'd to it,
Who haue no more life then their cuntry akers,
Men, I may ſay, in the worſt part of men.
And why like theſe runne we an idle race
Of threſcore yeares, and then ſneake to a Death?
Whiſt ſouldiers maſter their mortality
And dye by men, if that at all they dye.
Maluzzo know, when all things ſifted are,
Peace onely pleaſeth them that ne're knew warre.

The Tragedy of Sforza.

Actus secundi

Scena prima.

Juliano, Picinino.

Jul. **H** Heard you the generall whisp'ring?

Pic. No, what is it?

Jul. The Duke is ill.—

Pic. And doe they whisper that?

Jul. Yes: and, they say, he has strange fits.

Pic. How strange?

Is poyson strange in *Italy*? why, know,
As Princes liue aboue the vulgar, so
Their death has a Prerogatiue: meane men
May dreame away their time to fourescore yeares,
And when their rotten ioynts drop to their dust,
Onely some triuiall infirmity,
A Palfie, or an Ague beares the blame:
But 'tis not State for Princes to be old,
And yet they must not be suppos'd to dye
By the respectlesse treason of discafe,
But by some strange vnheard of accident
That Fate did neuer dreame of: but no more,
You know *Vitellio*, and the height of grace
Sforza has shew'd him, 'tis suspitious
When wisdom flatters villany: then come,
Let vs be private, and discourse some treason.

Enter

Enter, after solemn Musick, *Sforza*, *Sansone*,
Caizzo, and Souldiers: when after some pri-
uate whisp'ring they depart severall waies.

Jul. But stay, my *Piccinino*, who are here?

Pic. O the grand favorite, *Sansone*,
A most full bubble, valiant vanity:
That in high termes can sweare downe fortresses,
Blow away Armies with a pow'rfull breath,
And spoyle the enemy before he sees him:
But when he comes to action, lye as still,
As in the tale, that lumpish King of Frogs,
Which *Ioue* did giue them in his meritment.
Were tilting valour, I ne're knew a man
Of larger worth: could he but breake the ranks
Of enemies as well as he does speares,
Millan ne're saw a brauer Generall,
But the e's his brother too.

Jul. I, thats the man.

Pic. (Tis wonder we can know so much of him)
He that can sound the depth of that sly braine
Has a large plummer, trust me *Julian*,
An hundred Lawyers make vp that one head,
And scarcely too: quicke *Proteus* to him,
To this *Caizzo* was an Ideot,
A plaine flat Ideot, I tell thee man,
Meander neuer knew so many windings,
If, as they say, an *Emulation*
Is bred by likenesse, I doe wonder much
How *Sforza* is induc'd to imploy him.
Who has more Deuill in him, then himselfe.

Jul. But why is this imployment? why these Armes?

When

When all but *Naples* are our friends, and they
 Not able now to shew themselves our foes;
 Ingag'd, and almost lost in the French warre.
Pic. Trickes, Iuliano, Statists call them Arts,
 Not to be fadom'd by a vulgar reach:
 But though I want the villany to know,
 Yet I haue so much spleene to laugh at them;
 And take a comfort in this plainer sense:
 No subtilty can coozen Prouidence.

Scena secunda.

Ascanio, Galeazzo, Isabella, Iulia.

Asc. **H**ow rests the Prince?

Isab. O my good Lord, he rests,

But 'tis a quiet, such as the Seas haue,
 When that the winds haue spent their violence,
 And out of impotence bestow a calme:
 'Tis more a death, then slumber, you may see
 His senses rather weary, then at rest.

Asc. Are then his fits so raging?

Isab.

Nothing else,

Should he but wake, you'd thinke two Armies met,
 And stroue together for the loudest thout.
 Disease has spread herselfe ore all his parts,
 And onely spar'd his tongue, as if some starie
 Not knowing otherwise to cleare it selfe
 From imputation of tyranny,
 For such exact plaguing of Innocence

Mad

The Tragedy of Sforza.

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Had left him that to curse withall, that so
To all that heard his fury, he might seeme
To be thus tortur'd for his Blaspemy.

al. Water, some water.

ab. Now the fit beginnes :

al. Some of my slaues runne, and exhaust the Po,
Charge him no more to vent his idle streames
Into the glatted maine, but rather poure
All his moyst mouths on me : d'yee stare, begone,
Vse not your eyes at all, vnlesse to weepe :
And that, not teares of sorrow, but of helpe,
Such as may coole me.

al. Patience, sweet Prince,
Adde not vnto the fire of your disease,
The heat of passion.

al. What red thing is this?

Ha, *Isabella*, tell me.

'Tis your vncle.

The noble Prince *Ascanio*.

al. 'Tis false ;

He is nor Prince, nor noble : hearke you frinds,
He talke of Passion, and of Patience,
Let him discourse of *Aetna*, or *Vesuius*,
Or of a greater heat then I doe feele,
And I will answer him : Patience to me ?
Goe bid rough seas be patient.

al. He growes worse,
And opposition does inflame him more:
Me thinkes I see his eye-lids faintly strine,
Against Deaths closing.

al. O ! my ioynts are fire,

Why does not heau'n shed Cataracts, and lowre
Once to my comfort ? are they hot as I,
Haue they no moysture, for a Suppliant ?

C

Then

Then, though hot heau'n oppose, when once my brea
Hath left this corps, Ile haue a cold by death.

Sf. Heard you that grone my Lord— & he is dead:
Cracke then ye tardy heart strings, quickly cracke,
And giue me leaue to ouer-take the fligh
Of my dead husband.

Asc. What is past our helpe,
Let it be past our grieve: tis fortitude
To suffer chanches counterbuffes as one
That by his expectation had decciu'd
All her faint threatnings: till this sadder time
Your life has had one constant some of ioy,
Which here is interrupted: you should thanks
The heau'ns because they were not tedious
In their delights: for this variety.
As hunger prayseth feasts, so it may be
Yeoule loue ioy better for this misery.

*Scena tertia.**Sforza, Beatrice.*

Sf. **H**OW couetous thou art to learne mishap?
Beatrice the answer kills thee.

Bet. Kill me then,
But not deny me.

Sf. Dearest, I am lost,
And in my ruine, thou.

Bet. I would be so,
Safety were ruine were it otherwise.
Yet tell me *Sforza*, how are you so lost?

Sf. O what a busie torture woman is!
I must say somewhat, but the maine is silence,
Vitellioes losse, yes, that hath lost me too:

No sooner kill'd then lost, so strangely gone,
As if the dead had learnt a motion
So to conuey themselves vnto the graue.
Will you be still vnkind?

Thou shalt heare all

The French haue conquer'd Naples, and which drawes
Blood from our soule, without a drop of blood:
When thus we plotted it, that when both Kings
Had wearied out themselves with equall slaughter,
And here *Alphonso* totter'd, and there *Charles*,
When losse had seiz'd the conqueror, then we
Would haue amaz'd the conqueror afresh
With new alarmes: when by the flattery
Of chance, *France* gets a kingdome without blood,
And by dry victory has yndone a plot
Worth many Kingdomes: I presum'd on this,
Naples had souldiers enough to last
Killing a yeare, in which space, we resolu'd
To arme all Italy against the French,
And cunningly driue out, whom we call'd in:
Which, ere we could accomplish, is disclos'd,
And conqu'ring *France* intends to hinder it,
By our inuasion: O my policy!
Must I be wounded with the sword I gaue?
And find those enemies, whom onely I
Enabled to my iniury? well; heau'n,
Your kindnesse is a miracle sometime,
Beyond all reason, but your curse is wit,
My fault is my faults punisher.

Enter
Ascanio.

Long life,

And happy to our Duke.

How my *Ascanio*?

Recall thy selfe, good Cardinall, what Duke?
Whilst *Galeazzo* liues?

C

The Tragedy of Sforza.

Asf.

Most truly Duke,

For Galeazzo's dead.

Sf.

Alas, poore child,

I could haue wish'd thee longer life, but since
Heau'n's will is otherwise, twere blasphemy
To storme at that which is the will of heau'n.

I hate that impotent rebellion.

Enter Sanseu.

Sanf. My Lord, so crosse was Fortune, that you were
Made almost banqu'rout by a too much thrift:
For when you had discharg'd those numerous troopes,
Whose charges lay as hard vpon the State
As an inuasion could, then *Orleanse* mou'd
And stole *Nenarra*, which disastrous newes
So heated the remainder of your troopes
(As if you had added to their valour more,
When you abated from their multitudes)
That by a nimble victory, they made
His conquest be his prison.

Sf.

Noble friend

Stand thou, and our State stands: ô why doe men
Cry out on Age, on eating Age? as though
Our many griefes were from our many yeares,
And the last times were worst: we rather find
That nothing is so dangerous to Kings
As a yong Principality: for tis
With them almost as with yong plants, which yeeld
Vnto the least intreaty of the wind,
And need no stronger blast, but gaining Age
Scarce stoope to thunder: may we once arise
Vnto this happy firmenesse of estate,
This blest maturity of Prince, we stand
Fearlesse of fall, but if heauen enuy vs
And haue decreed our ruine with our rising,
Yet such weele haue it voyde of all base feares
Our foes shall grieue our ruine was not theirs.

Scena quarta.

Caiazzo, Belgioſa, Maluerzo.

Mal. **M**Y Lords, ſince we are met ſo happily,
(If you eſteeme me not too bold, to aſke
The ſtory of your high-fam'd actions) I
Bleſſe me with the Relation.

I much feare
Mine are not worthy your attention:
Yet if it pleaſe you, noble Belgioſa,
(Be cauſe my ſtory will depend on that) I haue had
To ſhew the reaſon why the giddy French,
So ſtrangely left their conqueſt: ſuch your pow'r,
Such a full conqueſt haue you of your friends,
I'le ſhame my ſelfe for your content.

Then, thus
From vs France hurry'd thorough Lumbardy
And fled to conquer, who had ſcene that haſt
Would eaſily ſuppos'd it to haue beene
Rather a flight then an inuaſion.
The Pope quakes at the progreſſe, and admires
Yong Ferd'nand into Rome, that if the French
Should dare a fight, they might find Naples there.
France flights that fainter oppoſition,
And ſpeakes his ſcorne in thunder, Naples flies,
And all his army hath no other uſe
Then to become vnwilling harbingers
To ſhew their lodgings to the conqu'ring French:
Who like fierce winds that ſweepe away their leaſe,
Or like inroaching tydes, take ſwiftly in
The offer'd Countries, not defended, now
Saint German yeelds, and ſaucy Capua

That dar'd a competition once with *Rome*,
Aversa takes the president, and now
 The King of *Naples* finds home foes, and such
 As durst be valiant against their Prince,
 And vse their fond armes in a mutiny,
 Which were not safe enough for a defence.
 He taking the aduantage of their crime
 Vnconquer'd by the French, to these he yeelds,
 And chuseth rather to become no Prince
 Then keepe the Crowne, which they would take away.
Mal. What was the issue?

Bel. Strangely pittifull:
 He that had Nauies yesterday, has now
 Scarce a baire left him, scarce a planke or two,
 To trust him to the mercy of the Seas,
 The Seas more courteous then the multitude:
 In which he makes for *Ischia*, and leaues
 His enemy his successor.

Cai. And he
 (As I haue seene some way'ring amoult)
 Neglects his conquest for the easinesse,
 For when twas certaine *Ferdinand* was fled,
 Whilst they might iustly yet feare his returne,
 The French returne, as if they meant to try
 Which would be soonest weary of the hast,
 Who had the swifter pace to ranne away.

Bel. That is no new act of new gouernors,
 Such stories are as ancient as the world.
 Till they doe try what they can doe, they thinke
 They may doe all things, their first act is warre
 (As if they meant rather to kill then raigne)
 It matters not vpon what ground: there is
 Pretence enough to quit a conqueror
 From the least shew of injury: but then

VWhen they haue felt the least of warres extreames
They raue, they faint, they crosse what they first did,
And are e'ne weary of a victory.

Car. France made this certaine truth, who in his brags
Had sworne the fall of *Mahomet*: but now

VWhen he might heare the groanes of *Gracia*
Deliu'ed by the ecchops of their sea,

To make them more, he thinkes on a retreat,
And chuseth home before a victory:

It was a vally, where our *Taro* laues

The root of *Appennine*, and a large plaine

Spheard with a row of swelling Earth makes warre

A spacious Amphitheater: where we

Stayd for their coming, when mature aduice

That crownes most actions, strangely iniur'd vs,

For rashnesse would haue stole a victory

VWhich tedious consultation gaue away.

Successe had smil'd on our temerity

Had we assaulted them vpon the hills

And added to the mountaines with the French.

But I am tedious: onely our vanne fought,

And twas the Frenchmens victory to resist:

Both were o'recome, both conquerors, for they

Still kept the field, and wee still kept the prey.

Del. O what is valour ioy'n'd with Modesty!

This conquers both your Fortune and your skill.

Should you but write a story, and profess

That purenesse from all passion which y'au'e showne,

You would be credited, though twere your owne.

But what reward is't to be but belecu'd?

You shall be euer pray'd: what you haue done

Fcares neither enuy, nor obliuion:

And for this act succcession shall see:

Caiazzo as long-liu'd as *Italy*

Scena

Scena quinta.

Vitellio disguised.

I Wonder *Malatesta* still survives:
 Sure *Sforza* has forgot himselfe; my death
 Does but halfe cleare him, and if th'other liue,
 He cannot looke for a full innocence.
 It is not mercy, certainly: ô, no,
 Mercy with him is folly: but t'may bee
 He feares that had he kild vs both at once
 Rumor would be too busie; and all mouths
 Would cry, that Chance had too much proiect in't.
 This is the place of Destiny, 'tis here
Sforza does actuate his bloody arts,
 Mistaking priuacy for innocence,
 And thinkes hee's good, because he is not scene.
 Here must I wayte for a discouery.

Enter *Sforza*.

Sf. I must once more be cruell, yet not I,
 This is the murder of Necessity:
 But what has he deseru'd, who has done nought
 But what we charg'd, and so perform'd our thought?
 Is Death due to Obedience? can this hand
 Yeld to his Fate, that seal'd to his command?
 Yet he, or I must perish: shall I see
 My life, my honor, my Aeternity,
 Lye at his mercy, and be safe, so long
 As he is pleas'd to temper his rude tongue?
 Till he be drunke, or treacherous? He first
 Study amongst all actions, which is worst
 And over-act it: though our former deed
 Was from ambition, this is yet from need:

Death

Death is too good reward for such a slave, *Enter*
And sure there is no blabbing in the grave. *Mal.*
But here he comes : why are thy looks so grim? *testa.*
Why, *Malatesta*, in thy furrow'd face
See I the signes of Anger, or of Griefe?
Command thy face to a more smiling forme,
That I may thinke thee pleas'd when thou dost tell
What does displease thee.

Mal. 'Twas a foolish dreame,
That stole my colour from my paler cheekes.
Last night I saw *Vitellio*.

f. And what?
Canst thou feare shadowes?
Mal. Yes if shadowes speake,
If that their threatnings be substantiall.
From such a paper as your Highnesse holds,
He forc't me breath in Death.

f. This Paper holds
A strange perfume, of such a cunning vertue,
That at a distance it scarce smells at all.
And at the nose it gives the best of scents.
Make the experiment :

Mal. O! I am flaine.
f. Heau'ns what a stilnesse here is? what a death
Of the whole man at once? the wandring eye
Now findes a station, and the busie pulse
Is now for euer idle: where's the tongue
That but eu'n now could say as much as this,
When that the soule could prompt it? but e'en now
Here was a thing could speake, and poison too,
That knew more wayes to kill, then euer Heav'n
Did to make man; and could his subtilty,
That could giue death, not know to keepe out death?
Fye, what a bulke it is, what a great lumpe

Of

Of Nothing, that shall lose that nothing too?
 What a dead toy is Man, when his thin breath
 Flyes to its kindred Ayre? ô why at all
 Did Heav'n bestow, or why at all bereave
 Man of this Vapour of Eternity?
 And must we one day be a stocke like this,
 Fit onely to enrich the greedy Earth,
 And fill an house of Death, perhaps before
 We see the Issue of another Plot?
 Must we lye/subject to be trampled on,
 By some, perhaps not Politicians?
 Where's then our Wisedome? our deepe Prouidence
 Are they durst too? ô heau'ns! but if they are

Enter some
groes to carry

Or durst, or nothing, Ile enjoy my fame: *way the body*
 And rottenesse shall ceize me, not my name.
Vil. Are those the Instrumens? well my black friends,
 I eas'd you of a labour: all succeeds
 According to the flatt'ry of my wish,
 And my suspicion turnes to prophecy.
 But my so bloody, and so wary *Sforza*,
 Your Agent's dead, but not your crime: 'twill out,
 And by this carcasse: I will flye to France,
 Divulge long papers, — they are writ already, —
 And here they are, these I will sweare were found
 In the dead pois'ners pockers: by this meanes
Sforza's proclaim'd a murderer, I'me freed,
 And make it be his guilt, which was my deed.

Virellio going forth meets
with Isabella.

Scena quinta.

Vitellio, Flabella, Julia.

MAdame I haue some newes of that import,
That (if you please to command priuacy)
Will both desire, and fright your patience.

If. Be briefe.

Vit. First know I am *Vitellio*.

If. Thou art a villaine, and a pois'ner then,
Hast thou a drugge for vs?

Vit. Yes such an one

Shall make you loue a poyson: reade, and wonder.

If. I doe: and moie, how thou couldst purchase this
Without a guilt.

Vit. I did peruse the spoyles

Of *Malatesta's* carcasse, whom I found
Most strangely guilty, and as strangely dead,
Whose pockets furnisht me with these instructions.

If. Thus we learne Murther from thy Fellony:
But what should make me trust a confest rogue?

Vit. My villany: my credit is my crime:

Had not I stole, you had not vnderstood.

If. I must beleeu'e: but darst thou poison well?

Commit a crime, which thou maist glory of?

Vit. On whom deare Lady?

If. Nay I care not whom.

But I can giue reward to a wise crime.

Vit. My quicke dispatch shall make you gladly know
I vnderstand, what you desire, and hide.

Exit.

If. Now should he poison *Sforza*. O fond hope!

That mak'ft vs thinke all true that we desire.

Should he betray vs now? for what? that we

Intreated

Intreated him to kill, we knew not whom.
By this expreſſion thus much I haue wonne :
I may be made, but cannot be vndone.

*Scena ſexta.**Picinino.*

Fortune is merry, and the heau'n diſpos'd
To play with me, I am turn'd Fauourite.
Me thinks my haire's aſham'd of their white hue
Should bluſh to youth : O how I could looke big,
Take Gyant ſtrides, doat on my louely ſelfe,
And talke as filly as any Lord,
To ſee the prettineſſe of action,
Of State-impoyment : *Sforza's* to be crown'd,
And I muſt winne the popular ſuffrages.
Good Heau'ns ! was euer ſuch a merry load
Impos'd on Man : ſome cry the times are ill,
Others could wiſh them better, and a third
Knowes how to make all well, but tels not how,
And, cauſe that he is ſilent, would be wiſe.
But in conſluſion I doe finde them ready
(On ſuppoſition of no more expence,
And that their voice is ſu'd for, not their purſe)
To giue a luſty acclamation.

Sforza

The Tragedy of Sforza.

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Sforza, 3 Ambassadors, *Caiazzo*, *Sanseuerin*,
Maluezzo, as in procession, they offer vp
the French Banners at the Altar, whilst this
is sung.

Senz.

I O, lo, gladly sing,
Till the Heau'n with wonder ring.
He is fled, let *Millan* say
Once more, he is fled, the day
Clears againe, and makes vs see
A brauer light of victory.
Io, lo, &c.

Yet he had before he fought
(By the speedy warre of thought)
Conquer'd *Italy*, and so
Has hasten'd his owne overthrow.
Io, lo, &c.

Henceforth let them learne to liue
In the peace, that home doth giue,
Nor againe so fondly raue,
To trauell for a forren graue.
Io, lo, &c.

Sf. First we thanke Heau'n, by whose most gracious ayd
We haue the meanes, and reason to thanke you.
Now we beginne to lift vp our faint heads,
And entertaine, though scarce belecue a peace :
Now *Italy* at length has lost her yoke,
Which she was wont to giue, but neuer beare,
And therefore wondred at the strangenesse more

Then

The Tragedy of Sforza.

Then at the weight of 't: in this noble act
Sforza claimes nothing but the happinesse,
 Which he acknowledges receiu'd from you.

1 *Amb.* *Sforza's* deserts exceed the height of praise.

2 *Amb.* He has slau'd Italy by freeing it.

3 *Amb.* Millan must know him for her *Romulus*.

Sf. We know our selfe so vnderneath this praise,
 That could we but suspect vntruth in you,
 Wee'd call all this but mockery.

Pic.

D'ye doubt?

Make you a question of the name of it?

Why call it as it is, plaine flattery.

Caiaz. We wondred lately at the prouder French,

And gaue too high a valew to their acts:

VWhen in a serious estimation,

Their chiefeft victory was of the miles,

And more a iourney then a warre: if they

Could gaine a fame by nimble traouelling,

How shall we reare a trophee to his name,

That made them goe farre faster then they came?

For my part (though I know his Modesty,

VWhich will refuse the honours he deserues)

I'de haue him forc'd vnto the gouernment,

To rule that happy land which he hath sau'd.

Omnes. A *Sforza*, a *Sforza*.

Ascanio crowns him.

Sf. *Sforza* will ne're gaine say the gen'ral voice,

Your loue I like beyond your gift: kind Heau'ns!

Shew by my gouernments integrity

You were the peoples prompter, and I'll shew

(If you but astuate my iust desires)

I onely am their Duke in goodnesse: since

Millan hath chose, it shall applaud her Prince.

Actus

Actus tertii

Scena prima.

Umbra Galeatii.

NO rest in death? why then I see they erre
That giue a quiet to a sepulcher.
'Tis our hard fate, nor can Man chuse but dye,
But where Griefe is, is Immortality.
This drawes our iuicelesse bones to a new day,
From Lethes bankes, where we haue learnt the way,
(An easie learning) to retorne our woes,
And laugh at our misfortunes in our foes.
Wee'll draw felicity out of our fall,
And make our ghost reuenge our Funerall.
That our dimme Eyes, and with pale death benighted,
May by reuenge be clear'd, and we be righted
(If other punishment should come too slow)
By the exacter iustice of our foe.
When being betray'd by them he trusted most,
He shall be pris'ner in a forren coast,
When wanting sustenance, his teeth shall chaw
His armes for food, and their onec feeders gnaw.
When Hell shall haue but part of him, when he
That now triumphs shall be lesse ghost then we.

Scena

Scena secunda.

Sforza. Ascanio.

Asc. Sforza, you are vndone.

Sf. Why my Ascanio ?
Fortune is fearfull of so foule a crime,Asc. You durst be bad, and yet improuident,
And so it is not Fortunes, but your crime.
Which shall I first beginne to blame ? your fault
Or (pardon if I call it) Foolishnesse :I faint to thinke that you are past excuse,
Both with the honest and the Politicke.Sf. Come neerer, my deare Cardinall, and tell
In easier termes what tis that troubles you:
Is Galeazzo's death divulg'd ?

Asc. It is :

The time, the manner, and the murtherer,
Nor am I free from th'imputation:Sf. You speake what you suspect, not what is true,
Does speech come from the dead? can their dry'd nerues
Borrow a tongue for accusation ?

This is no other then the voice of Guilt,

The speech of our home-executioner :

And yet I feare— and yet what should I feare ?

Bloud hath strange organs to discourtie withall,

It is a clamorous Oratour, and then

Euen Nature will exceed her selfe to tell

A crime so thwarting Nature.

Enter Sanseuerin, Halberdeers & Vitch.

Sanf. My good Lord,

Pardon the zeale of my intrusion,

I bring hid danger with me: 'twas my chance

As I was passing to the bedchamber,

Iust

Iust at the doore to finde this muffled man;
VVaiting some trecherous opportunity.
Each circumstance swell'd with suspicion;
The place, the time, the person, all did seeme
To beare a danger worthy of your feare,
At least your wiser disquisition.

Sf. Thou art all goodnesse, and deseru'st of vs
Beyond the niggardly reward of thanks;
But what are you that thus becloud your face,
VVho, not vnlike that ouer-bashtull fowle, *He discourages*
Delight in darknesse? Ha! *Vnello!* *himselfe.*
The wonder is resolu'd by a new wonder. *Ex.Sanf.*

Vit. Sforza I liue: d'yece stare? I liue: these words
Are not the fond delusions of the Aye,
As you officiously would gull your selfe;
But from a solid substance, had not we *Enter Sanf.*
Bin by your diligent spy too soone surpriz'd, *with two*
Before our proiects full maturity, *Negroes.*
Thy death more fully should haue prou'd my life.

Sf. Fooles that I was, who thought to take thy life
By that which nourisht it: there's none so mad
Would poison Serpents, Ile worke surely now,
Once more Ile try your immortality.
Strangle the Monster.

Vit. 'Twas a doubtfull chance
Within this houre who first should owne those words.
But, Tyrant, weary thy inuention
To finde variety of punishment,
Yet all that thou canst doe, exceeds not this,
A pinne could doe as much: weake, silly Sforza,
All thou canst doe to me exceeds not that
Which I did on the person of thy Prince
Disease would proue a better murder.

Sf. Stop that malignant throat.— O my Ascanio,

D

Thus

Thus must they toyle which worke an hight by bloud,
 How I could with an innocent descent
 To new subiection? how I hate that wish!
 How scorne all thoughts that haue not danger in them!
 Get vs more Remora's, sweet Cardinall,
 Or rather then to droope to Idlenesse,
 Wee'll worke to be no Prince, our selfe re-calling:
 In rising, most, some wit there is in falling.

*Scena tertia.**Caiazzo.*

Assist me, Hell, for I intend an Act,
 Which should your puny fiends but thinke vpon,
 Would make their blacker cheekes receiue a blush,
 Would giue a rednesse which your weaker Fire
 Had ne're that heating pow'r to worke in them:
 An act, the Heau'ns did onely then declare
 They would permit to be perform'd by man
 When they created Night: for were all Day,
 Could such a Crime be as well seene as done,
 Their Immortality might iustly feare,
 Lest all the guilt should be remou'd on them,
 As Idle, or as Cruell lookers on,
 Whilst Heau'n, on Earth did suffer: this blacke night
 Must *Isabella* dye, dye, by this hand:
 This Chappell is her ordinary walke,
 Discouer'd to me by her *Julia*,
 Where when she comes to see her husbands tombe,
 This hand shall make her sit for such a roome.

Enter

Enter Isabella and Iulia with two torches, shee places them at either end of the Tome, & Exit. Isabella draws towards the Tome, and speaks.

IF PRINCE of Shades, (for unto me
Still thou keep'st thy Maiesly)
If thou art not wholly lost,
And there's something in a Ghost:
Heare thy Isabella's vow:
If hereafter I allow
Of a second match, or know
Any man, but for a foe,
Sauing him that shall ingage
His reuenge unto my rage:
(Heare iust Heau'n) may I then be
Made another Ghost like thee,
May I dye, and neuer haue
What I visit now, a Graue.

Cai. O doe not heare her Heau'n, and kill me straight
If I dare touch her: he that sees those eyes
And dares attempt to make those eyes not see,
Has a blinde soule: burne clearer, you kind lights,
O doe not enuy me the sight of her:
But what's there in a sight? I must be brieft,
If not for loue, yet for ambition:
Her Mariage makes me greater then her Death,
And she has taught me the condition.
Pardon, bright Angell, and returne the sword,
Which Sforza made me sweare to sheath in you,
Into my bosome.

If. No, obey your Prince,

If you have goodnesse in you keepe your oath,
Murder is nothing vnto perjury.

Cai. By this faire hand you iniure me, and more
Then euer *Sforza* did: can you suppose
(Though you had heard the vowes he forc't me to)
I meant what I protested? that this hand
Which euer yet has vs'd a sword for you,
Would vse it now for your destruction.
Reuoke that thought, deare Lady, that harsh thought,
And let not so much sweeter innocence
Make it selfe guilty by suspicion,
Suspicion of impossibilities.
Rather command, and you shall quickly see
That he, who would haue arm'd me against you,
Shall finde in his owne entrailes the iust Steele.

If aside. What traps are these to catch the Innocent?
Sforza I smell your proiect, 'tis too ranke.
My Lord, no more: your speech is dangerous,
I must not heare it.

Cai. You shall see it then:
Doe not belecue me Madam till I'ue done,
Till I doe bring my credit in my armes,
The Traitors head, and when you see that time,
Confesse you owe your life vnto my crime.

Scena quarta.

Picininio, Iuliano.

Iul. **V** What will become of this declining state?
Can we belecue that the yet patient heau'n
Will any longer suffer? and not giue
Destruction as notorious as our crimes.
Awake, sterne Iustice, and vnleath thy sword,

Awake

The Scabberd will not heale vs, but the edge,

Nor is't enough to brandish, but to strike :

Let then thy terrour giue vs innocence,

That mildnesse may no longer iniure man.

ic. Why, thou perpetuall Murmurer, thou sea

Toft with eternall tempest, thou darke sky

With euerlasting clouds, thou — any thing,

Whom, being angry I can call no more :

Thinke better of those acts thou canst not mend.

Will *Sforza* be lesse bad, because thou whin'st ?

Or dost thou thinke thy pittifull complaints

Can beg a goodnesse of *Ascanio* ?

I neuer knew that mighty vse of teares,

That they could wash away anothers fault :

When thou shalt want a teare for a fit griefe,

Sanseuerin will be a Coward still :

And when thy groanes are turn'd to thy last gaspe,

Caesar will not be lesse trecherous.

Enter Sanseuerin, with diuers suitors following him, some of whose bills be teares, others laughs at, others puts up. Exit.

ic. Now for thy thunder, Heau'n, now for a piece
Of thy most eminent Artillery.

Are you still silent ? see, he teares their papers,

Papers, perhaps, wherein they worship him,

Giue him more titles, then they giue their God,

And yet he teares them. O vast Favourite !

Swell'd by the airy fauour of thy Prince,

Till thou hast dim'n'd the light that made thee shine,

Till *Sforza*'s lesse then his *Sanseuerin*.

Tell me, good *Picinino*, does the Sunne

Spend all his rayes vpon one Continent ?

Or haue you euer seene the partiall Heau'ns

Vpon one *Alex* lauish all her showres,

D3

While

While the rest moulder with dry barrennesse?

Pic. I haue not, *Juliano*, but what then?

Jul. Are you to seeke for the collection?

Why, has not *Sforza* made himselfe our Sunne?

Are not his fauours our refreshing showres?

Why should one sucke vp what is due to all,

Why is the Prince made a Monopoly?

Pic. Thou mak'st me laugh at thy fond question:

What? are not Princes men, of the same mould,

Of the same passions with interiours?

Doe not they feare, desire, and hate (as we)

And shall we onely hinder them from loue?

Coblers may haue their friends, and why not Kings?

Because th'are higher then the rest of men,

Shall they be therefore worse? and therefore want

The Benefits, because they haue the Rule?

O hard condition of Maiesty!

The former accusation of Kings

Has beene their cruelty, that they did hate

The people they should gouerne: O hard plight!

O strange perversnesse! shall their loue at length,

Their friendship be imputed as their fault?

Would Heau'n our *Sforza* had no worse a crime.

Enter Sanseuerin againe with his traine of Suitors.

Jul. You are a worthy Aduocate, and here

Comes your great Patron: goe and aske your fee:

Sanf. This is a sawcy importunity:

You haue your answer.

1 Sutor. O my gracious Lord,

Looke on these scarres I gain'd in the French warre,

Where I haue lost my Fortunes,

2 Sutor. So haue I,

Scarce

Scarce left alive to tell my misery.

Genf. You haue bin drunk, and quarrell'd—must the State
Finde plaisters for your broken heads?—no more—
Nay, if you'll take no answer, I must call
Them that will driue you hence. O my tyr'd eares!
Henceforth I vow to stoppe them at your suites,
And be as Deafe, as you are Impudent. *Exit.*

Iul. Yes, doe good *Aeolus*— how he blowes them hence!
How cleares his passage with a lusty frowne!
And yet it may be that despised wretch
Worne out of cloathes, and flesh, whom his high scorne
Would not vouchsafe once more to looke vpon,
Durst in the field doe more, then he durst see,
Then he would there vouchsafe to looke vpon.

Pic. As if that Valour were the onely praise,
And none were to be lou'd, but they that fight:
Where were we then? what would become of vs?
Thou thinkest it Paradox, but tis most true,
A Souldier is the greatest enemy,
Of whom the Common-wealth can be afraid:
Preferre you which you please; yet vnto them
Vvhich are the sole Physitians of State,
VWho with the teeming of a pregnant braine,
Search the diseases and the remedies,
Valour is nothing but a desp'rate vice,
And there's no safety, but in cowardice.

Scena quinta.

Sforza, Alcanio, Maluerzo.

Sf. **VV**E are not man, for such an empty thing
Could not haue this solidity of ioy:

Say

Say the French King is dead, and say withall

We are immortall, and ones happy truth,

Shall expiate for the others flattery.

But speake the manner too as well, as death.

As. When now his gadding thoughts had won the world,

And *Italy* was to be taken in

But onely as an easie seat, from whence

He might deriue his further victories,

Ottoman quak'd, and 'twas in chance, if now

New Rome, should be new-French, & the proud *Turke*

Be brought to know what their beginnings were;

When Fortune had aduanc'd him to that height,

That growne forgetfull of a lowly tombe,

He rear'd huge Pyramides, and troubled *Art*

To match his fancy with magnificence

Fit for a conqu'ring builder, who had learn'd

To ruine first, and then to build a City,

When Marbles were to be enrich with wounds,

And cut for their aduancement; then, Heav'n's sport,

He rais'd competitors to dare the Heav'n's:

Nor dreames his owne descent into low Earth.

Sf. *Ascanio*, you make him liue too long,

Tell how he dy'd, without more circumstance.

As. He went (such was his vse) to see the play

At Tennis-court, when by his trembling *Queene*

He sanke into halfe-death: thence he's conuey'd

To the next roome, where on a couch of straw,

As if a downe-bed were too soft for him,

Whom rotnennesse attended, and the graue,

That harder lodging of Mortality,

A King, a conqu'ring, youthfull King expires.

Thrice from deaths slumbers he awak't to speake,

Thrice did he cry to heav'n, vnto deafe heav'n,

The Tragedy of Sforza.

And after nine houres death he dy'd.

I find

A certaine grumbling against Fortune here:

Which that I may whet to a lively rage,

Repeat *Maluzgo* her last treachery

Against the French, and Neapolitan.

Naples now wonne, and the vnsutable French

(As if they were afraid of their owne lucke)

Ridiculously leaving what th'ad wonne,

The Deputy was *Mompenseer*, a man

Of an high birth, but of vnequall deeds.

For when yong *Ferdinand* with some few boates

(Which onely feare might make a Nany of,

And nothing but the strength of cowardize

Could possibly iudge strong) approacht the shoare,

As if the poore Prince once more had desir'd

Onely to see his ancient gouernement,

And therefore had aduentur'd to the Sea,

The Sea was in the City, for ne're was

Such a confusion in the vulgar waues:

All cry a *Ferdinand*, a *Ferdinand*,

Eu'n those who lately banisht *Ferdinand*:

Part ope the gates to him, and part shut vp

The French into the Cittadells, where he

Besiegeth his once Conquerors.

'Tis true

Not the world onely, but a man's a ball,

Will Fortune neuer leaue her tossing him?

al. Whether their owne neglect for'd them to want,

Or want to yeeld, 'tis doubted: but they yeeld:

Thus as in triuall sports we oft haue scene

After a tedious inconstancy,

The Corke returne to him that stricke it first,

So in this fatall reuolution,

For

The Tragedy of Sforza

Fortune giues Naples vnto him againe,
Whom she first iniur'd in the taking it.

Sf. Who hearing this would not erect his soule
To a contempt of Fortune! that blind wretch
Whom onely fortitude hath Decei'd?
Man hath a nobler Godhead in himselfe,
His vertue and his wildome, vnto these
Bend all our knees, let vs still honour these:
And count it comfort in our lowest state,
He that is wise, would not be fortunate.

Actus quartus

Scena prima.

Sforza, Ascanio, Caiazzo, Sansseuerus, a Boy.

Sf. **W**E leave it to your care, *Sansseuerus*;
But see the night grows old, good rest my Lords.
Why stayst thou, my *Aurelio*? good boy,
Ile see no bed to night; then goe, yet stay,
If they haue not escap'd thy memory
Sing me those verses which you made of sleepe.

Song.

How I laugh at their fond wish
whose desire
aymes no higher
Then the bayts of *Midas* dish?
What is Gold but yellow dirt?
which th'vntkind
heauens refin'd

The Tragedy of Sforza.

43

When they made vs loue our hurt:
Would so heau'n that I might sleepe

my faint eyes

in the wise,

In the gentle dew of sleepe?

Whose effects doe pose vs so,

that we deeme

it does seeme

Both Deaths brother and his foe:

This does alwayes with vs keepe,

and being dead

that's not fled:

Death is but a longer sleepe.

f. Pretty Philosophy! goe boy, goe sleepe, 6x.

Enioy the good thou sing'st—this boy can sleepe,

Sleepe quietly, and sing himselfe asleepe:

Making that gentle Rest vnto his Song.

But Ile goe read: what haue we here? a Map?

Welcome thou liuely picture of the world:

Now Ile peruse my large Dominions,

What a vast compasse they doe fill in thee?

How Poe is wearied with his tedious course,

But running onely through our Continent?

Ha! where is Poe? which is our Continent?

If that my eyes deceiue me not, I see

My Empire is compriz'd within my nayle:

What a poore point I me Master of? a blot

Made by the swiftest tincture of the Inke?

But what did this point cost me? this small blot?

My innocence, my conscience, my soule;

I kill'd a Nephew, to obaine this blot,

O horrid purchase! all this toyle, this guilt

For so despis'd a Nothing? let me see,

Here

The Tragedy of Sforza.

Here is no roome to sit, to walke, to stand,
In all my land I cannot place my selfe,
Nor be at all, where I would be the Duke.
But the sad tapers doe deny their light,
And stranger fire supplyes an horrid day
Of Lightning: help vs, heau'n, make vs confesse, *Ascend*
There is a Power in your Mercy too. *umb. Galea*

Vmb. Is then a time, when all our time is spent
That thou of vs shouldst feare a punishment?
O happy purchas'd privacy! to haue
The free possession of an humble graue.
Wu't poyson vs from that? why starcest thou so?
We doe not shunne a kinsman, but a foe:
Beleeue it *Sforza*, I am a neer ghost,
Nor is our kindred by thy murther lost:
Rayse thy cheer'd looke, see *Galeazzo* here:
Traitor, and coward, does thy faint breath feare
The shadow, which is made? or is a soule
Vncloath'd of Earth, more abled to controule
Him that vncloath'd it! Then I see to dye
Is more to right, then suffer iniury.
Know I am still thy Prince, and if that man
In such a Miracle of villaine can
At last besound, in this thy manhood show
That thou darst heare thy doome of ouerthrow.

Sf. Villaine be dumbe: we are too tamely mild
That dead men dare affront vs, assume flesh,
And we will make a second ghost of thee.

Vmb. Thy threats are Ayre, like vs: but to goe on
In curse; now that thy wildome hopes vpon
A ioy in vnmolested royalty,
Now shalt thou haue onely a certainty
Of high unhappinesse; and be vndone,
Losing thy rule no better then twas wonne.

The Tragedy of Sforza.

45

Fetters shall bind thy legs, not Crownes thy head,
And as a curst beast is prohibited
From common shew; so thou, of beasts the worst,
Must die imprison'd, and, what's most accurst,
Obey, to death, all comforts tane away,
Rob'd of the light, and the sweet heau'n of day:
Then flatter not thy miseries, to know
Is not to hinder Fate, fall shalt thou low,
Sinke to despaire, despaire to nought, and dy,
Then lower fall, and then as low as I. *Descendit umb.*
Sinke into earth, and doe not reach thy hell:
Propheticke bubble: might thy threats proue true,
For we could with the death that thou foretell'st,
That our scierce shadow might pursue thee still,
To fright thy Ghost to nothing: O weake Hicau'ns!
Was this a terror for a man? to send
A Bug-beare, fram'd out of the empty Ayre.
This does confirme, not fright vs: this might be
A terror to my picture, not to me.

Scena secunda.

Caiazzo.

I. I T must succeed: Fortune may shew her spite,
Her pow'r she cannot, in the houre I'me made
A Princes Lord, or murderer: I'ue plac'd
Close at the outward doore, *Sansfeuerin*,
That if successe doe crowne my hopes, his cares
May giue me safety, with my happinesse,
That I be not surpris'd: but if I faile
I haue inioyn'd him on the noyle he heares,
Straight to goe call the Duke, & enter higher. *Ent. Is. b.*
Madame, tis done: and now the guilty head

(VVhich

(Which whilst it stood, made all to feare their heads,
Who durst affirme it did vsurpe a crowne,)
Most humbly bends, and offers it to you.

If. Which I accept: but for no other end
Then to reuenge his death, base wretch, on thee:
If that head be not planted there, 't shall off:
You shall inioy your Masters death.

Cai. How's this?

Is this a loue-tricke, Lady? I had thought
After your thanks parted twixt heau'n and me,
You would with greedinesse haue giu'n your selfe
To him that gaue you your desires:

If. Fond thought!

Dost thinke I doe loue a man that kills a man?
Make him my Prince, who hath dispatcht his owne
Was Treason euer Preface vnto Loue?
Hadst thou monopoliz'd perfection,
And shar'd a thousand *Cupids* in each eye:
I would contemne the proudest of their shafts,
And giue thee onely what is due, Disdaine.

Cai. Youle vrge me to iust vengeance? doe you heare
Mistake in gratitude, quickly professe
That this harsh language was but a wise baite
To make him faster, who was sure before,
Or I professe Ile ioyne your death with his
With thy loath'd *Sforza*.

If. I beleeue thee now,
And trust me, so beleeue, that I could thanke thee,
I loue thy cruelty, though not thy person.

Cai. Hath death so little horror? well Ile doe
What shall inforce you to desire a death.
This ponyards point shall naile thee to the earth
Strucke through thy armes: where doe not hope
A noble rauisher, my swarty slaues,

The Tragedy of Sforza.

47

Slaves hated of their fellow Black a mores,
Shall on thy Honors ruine tyre their Lust,
And kill thee in thy loathfull suffering.
What dare you struggle?

*Ent. Sforza,
Sanseverino,
Beliossa.*

A rape, a rape.

O my good Lord, you come in such a time
As I could wish for, for this houre or more
This wicked woman hath beene wooing me,
To murder your most sacred Maiesty,
And for reward hath promis'd me herselfe,
Together with the Duchy: my good Lord,
In detestation of such treachery,
I gaue her some harsh answers, with which mou'd,
She vs'd a womans craft, and try'd a Rape.

Is this truth, *Isabella*; see, shee's dumbe:
Haue I then liu'd to haue you seeke my death?

A Cofin-Traitor? yet you shall not dy,
Nor know another prison then my Court,
I loue to see my Murtherer: O heau'ns!
Why, should I feare to kill her? yet tis reason:
Who is no true Prince, can ne'er punish treason.

And I shall take you at your word, deare *Sforza*. *Ex.*

Scena tertia.

Juliano, Piccino.

It cannot be, good *Julian*, no more:

I doe not loue these ouer-earnest dreames.

The French inuade vs? when their iolly King
With limber stauces does onely mocke a warre,
Which like so many reeds against a stone

Punish

Punish their owne attempt with their owne ruine,
 Breaking themselves, not armors: when we know
 The Court is lost in Maskes, reality
 Is so farre fled since the last victory,
 That we may thinke the Court it selfe a maske;
 Æternall Musicke, reuells without end
 Tire the too-much delighted souldier,
 Whose armes haue now forgot their ancient vse,
 His spirits onely active in his heeles,
 And canst thou thinke theyle dance to *Italy*?

Jul. I've heard some tell that a great City once
 Was built by Musicke: would we might not find
 Our Country to be ruin'd by a dance:
 O feare the toying of an enemy.

Pic. What cannot be beleeu'd, cannot be fear'd.

Jul. Youle not belecue, nor you, till the French swords
 Diue to the bottome of your doubting heart,
 Till that th'vokinder newes is brought so nere,
 You cannot haue the power to belecue it: *Ent. Sanseu*
 Can you belecue this is a drum that beats? *with sound*
 That this is the couragious Generall?
 Can you belecue, that he belecues 'tis true?

Pic. But who assists vs in this dreadfull time?

Jul. As many as we haue deseru'd: not one:
Sforza has too much wisdom to haue friends.

Pic. And we haue too much— I said nothing, did I?
 I did not speake against the State, I hope?
 Nor said that we had too much patience?

Jul. Is *Picinino* then overcome at last,
 Now I could change my sorrow for a smile.

Pic. I must confesse an anger though not griefe:
 O how I loue to fit me to mischance!
 And when that has no reason, then I'me mad.
 Why should our *Milan* blood staine the french swords

Vnto a glory? *Sforza* does offend,
Deny's the heau'nly pow'rs, or names them then,
When he does dare them with bold periury,
Loads his blacke soule with murder of a man
That could haue made his execution, iustice.
This *Sforza* does, but what is this to me?
Why shall this throat be cut for his? why thine?
Why shall our Countreyes ruine fill his penance?
The heau'ns doe know no meane but either wast
Their benefits on dull ingratitude
Or throw away their thunder, so it hit
So it not faile, they care not whom it strike,
VWhether the guilty, or the innocent.

Al. This is a griefe of higher fault then mine,
You make a warre with them you should appease,
And vrge the heau'ns to our calamities.
First we were punish't with, and now for *Sforza*,
Could any iustice haue more method in't.

Pis. Well *Italian*, I me sorry for my grie'e,
And so perswade thee to that holy truth.
I now could raue against my selfe, not heau'n,
But tis as fruitlesse, as to wish good lucke:
Then let the French presse vpon victory,
Let them amaze the Ayre with stranger fire,
Rais'd by our Cities flaming Funeralls.
Swell they, the Poe with blood, aft o're, what ere
Has beene the brag of royall murderers,
Yet our defence is here: Fortune may faile
But our true souls shall neuer, we may lose
An aged life, but not Æternity:
And with this strength the field must needs be ours:
Who doe not feare, doe beat the Conquerors.

Scena quarta.

Sforza. Ascanio. A Guard.

Sf. **V** What noyse is this that from a forraigne foe
 Recalls our anger? yet our purer hands
 Know not the dy of blood: we should be loath
 To learne a valour on our subiects first.

1 Nun. The people now haue rau'd to quietnesse:
 But till that *Landrians*, whom you vs'd
 About the last taxation, was become
 Their rages sacrifice, I durst haue sworne
 The French were in the City.

2 Nun. This sad houre
 (I'me sorry that you hear this truth from me)
 Your Duchesse is departed.

Sf. VVhither villaine? (*French*)

2 Nun. To that free Crowne, where shee shall feare no
 To Heau'n.

Sf. O enuious heau'n! why doe you giue
 Men such hard precepts of mortality,
 And take them hence before that they can learne?
 Must not she liue, because she liu'd too well?
 Alas my wife!

Asc. Alas my sister, &!

Sf. VVho dar'd that groane? good Cardinall, no more,
 I know not what I could deny to thee:

Take to thee all for what the French so toyle,
 But kindly leaue my griefe vnto my selfe.

3 Nun. Pardon, my Lord, ill Fortunes eloquence,
 Vnlesse you heare you cannot cure your harmes;
 The French, now enter'd *Lombardy*, sat downe
 Before *Valenza*: where the mouth of Death,

The thundring Canon being scarcely brought,
But iust presented to the yet sound wall,
Discovered there was somewhat more vnfound :
For Rattagnino, the false Gouvernour
Entreats a Parly, giues away the strength,
Sweares the towne French, and giues the key to them,
VVith which they open Lombardy.

My fact;

None can be guilty of this crime, but I :
That after Treason durst againe trust treason.
This very man, whose easie heart relents
At a French death, and wisely is afraid
His manners might be call'd in question,
If he should put them off to sue againe,
To aske the second time, for what he held :
Out of his zeale to vertue, and good lucke,
Did the like act for vs, and gaue a strength *Ent. Mal.*
VVhich all our Duchy neuer could haue fore't. *wounded*
VVhat more reuolting yet ?

Mal. O my good Lord !

I feare this is beyond Addition.
O my blood failes me, but my tongue does more,
Fearing the story that it must relate.
Your Army being parted, and this halfe
Caiazgo leading, that *Sanseuerin*,
My troopes did fall among the French mens scoutts.
From whom we learn't their numbers, and intent,
To march with speed for *Millon* : this sad newes
VVe sent to Count *Caiazgo*, with aduice,
That he would instantly reioyne with vs,
To stop their further entrance : hee pretends
That the *Venetians* hemming in his campe
Haue made his danger greater : yet he moues,
Makes to the riuer, and when now our thoughts

E 2

Had

Had left their wau'ring, and did seeme assur'd
 His actions would be better then his words,
 I saw, O misery that ere I saw !
 That crossing o're the Po he did embrace
 Those men which be in duty should haue kill'd:
 (O tis this kills me, not my want of blood)
 I in iust anger set vpon the Reare,
 And after many vaine attempts, haue brought
 My carkasse, to intreat for my reuenge.

Sf. This is conspiracy: *Caiazzo* false?
 Tell me that contradictions then are true,
 Tell me the heau'ns no more doe trauell now
 Being growne inconstant to their motion:
 Or that the Earth pursie with too long ease
 VVould with a walke at length refresh her selfe:
 Tell me that Princes may be fortunate,
 Those that like me are credulous: or if
 You'd speake of things more hard to be beleu'd,
 Tell me, there are, that birth of feare, call'd Gods,
 And if they be, that they doe thinke of Man:
 Tell me, O prethee tell me somewhat else,
 Or I shall thinke thee false, and not *Caiazzo*,
 But I doe know thee true, know thy wounds true, *Ex*
 And must conclude *Caiazzo* is most false. *Sanseu*

Sanf. To be o'recome, my Lord, is wretched chance,
 But not to fight at all will be thought crime,
 I ne're durst thinke so to suruiue ill lucke
 As to become the fatall messenger?
 But I must say, I durst not fight, and more,
 I must intreat your cowardize, your foes
 Are strengthened with your Army (O pardon me
 Let me not tell you, how) and all our troopes,
 Haue no pow'r left vs but for a safe flight.

Sf. I did expect this: was not man at first

The Tragedy of Sforza.

53

Plac'd on this curious Theater, to see
How he could act all parts : doe we not know
VWhat we can feare is nothing ? prouidence
Long since hath spent our feare, for a wise man,
VWhen he does found his happinesse, forecasts
Mischiefes, that Fate had neuer practiz'd yet,
VWhich if they happen, if they prove too true,
They meet, not ouertake him, and so find
A scorne, because a preparation.
I knew it might be thus, though I not fear'd,
And know it may be better, though not hope:
Yet let vs ne're despaire, nor by low thoughts
Excuse Fate for her present iniury.
And when once more her fauours we shall feele,
Then say, that Fortune has no standing wheele.

Scena quinta.

*Enter at one doore, Triulcio, Aubeny, Caiazzo:
at the other some Senators of Millan, who deli-
uer the keyes of the City.*

Triulcio. WE here present you with our keys great Lords,

Yet doe not thinke vs cowards, who doe part

So easily with that, which if we pleas'd

VVe might, in spite of force, as easily keepe :

VVe know your right, iustice does ope these gates,

And not your swords, nor our disloyalty ;

VVe leaue a Traytor that hath first left vs,

And now are glad to entertaine our Prince.

Aubeny. Is he fled then ? O our vnhappy sloath !

VWhy ranne we not as well as we did fight ?

Are Cowards swifter then their Conquerors.

E 3

Above

The Tragedy of Sforza.

*Above as in the Cittadell appeare Isabella,
and Iulia.*

If. Doe not dissuade me, *Iulia*, 'tis true
I may escape, but whither? all is lost,
In *Naples* we find *France*, as well as here:
O who'od indure the tyranny of hope,
That could so quickly gaine a liberty?
If I but fall I'me free; ô *Iulia*,
The greatest distance twixt my blisse, and me,
Reacheth no farther then to the next earth.
Can I behold in a perplexed flight
(Of which I know no comfort, and no end)
This my sweet infant crying for the food,
Which I'me vncertaine where to beg for him?
No, Ile descend, and if the greedy French
Will haue our blood with our Dominions, *She comes*
Yet I shall ioy to haue a speedy end *down with*
And call a nimble enemy, a friend. *some souldiers*

Tri. What answer from the Cittadell? once more
Giue them a summons, if they yeeld not then *Enter*
Giue an assault. *Isabella*

If. You shall not need my Lords,
What you could wish you haue, most cheapey haue,
The conquest of a woman, and a child.
I'me *Isabella*, (let not that sad name
Be ominous to conquerors,) and this
This pretty infant, is my lucklesse child,
Borne Prince of that, which you haue made your prey.
Why doe you one consult anothers face,
As you would see, who could be cruell first?
Be not at all, or if at all, to me.
O doe not warre with infants! can these hands
Deserue your feare or anger? these weake hands
That cannot reach themselves vnto their teat?

Who haue so much of yong infirmity,
They cannot lift themselves to ask your mercy?
O let them haue, because they cannot aske.
How many dismall accidents may chance
To take him hence, before he grow to man,
And so excuse, and yet fulfill your purpose?
O let disease be cruell, and not you.

Tri. Madame, you shall be honourably vs'd,
You, and your faire sonne: take your liberty
To chuse your owne free course: for this yong Lord,
He must to *France* with vs, where he shall learne
The good of royall education:
Where he shall know the happy difference
Betweene a petty, and a kingly Court.
Some waite vpon the Princeesse.

If. O my starres!
What haue I done? ay me? I haue betrayd,
What Tyranny had left me, my sweet boy:
For whom I neuer knew a griefe; till now
I brought him forth with pleasure, when I thinke
Vpon this paine of parting: my deare child,
O too too like thy mother; if thou chance
To draw thy life vnto that hated length,
That thou arriue to the discretion
To know, what by my folly, thou hast lost,
Call it no more, o doe not call it crime,
No mother willingly would lose a sonne;
VWhilst in some darker cell I will intombe
Thy ruines cause, where whatsoeuer teare
Sorrow did once force, no deuotion shall:
That my new name vnto the heau'ns may reach
VWhom misery the way to blisse did teach.

Exit.

Tri. Neuer till now had we the victory,
And now no single one, this happy houre

Has gain'd a conquest for Posterity.
 They may be idle now, now the French youth
 May grow vp without wounds, and at their homes,
 Steale to a priuate graue, no more being forc't
 To death, though by a glory; nay this Land
 May thanke vs, for our thrift of victory,
 For lighting on this blest occasion,
 Which makes vs need no more to conquer them:
 It heau'n continue vs this kindnesse still,
 Wee'll measure out our conquests by our will.

AQus Quinti

Scena prima.

Sforza, Ascanio, Sanseuerin.

sf. **O** What is man? and all that happinesse
 That puffes him to security? to day
 One acts a Prince, and swell'd with Maiesty
 Fills a proud throne, from whence the Multitude
 Thinkes he rules Fortune too, as well as them,
 Whilst she in iust esteeme of her owne name,
 Makes him forgot, or odious, that none
 Can be so miserably fool'd, to wish
 His well-apparell'd misery: thus we
 That did enioy beyond a Crowne, a braine
 Able to meet, or challenge the worst chance;
 Yet in the space of a few dayes, a space
 Of too short lasting to expell a man
 (By the most subtile fetches of the Law)
 Out of a false inheritance: we lost,
 We were expell'd out of a Monarchy;
 But does Fate make a stand at this? O no,
 She is not constant, no not in her curse,
 But giuing most againe, which once was mine

She

She giues me too the capabillity
Of a new curse.

Asc. Of a new ioy : for shame
Giue thanks at least for your felicity :
Can you repine being cram'm'd, and so deserue
A bountifull vn-happinesse ? I'ue knowne
Some that haue long endur'd a tedious siege,
Or a more tedious sicknesse, who haue beene
Forst to a lasting Lent, when they haue come
Or to their healt, or to their liberty,
Not dare to take the nourishment they might,
Making themselues their sicknesse, and their foe :
Is not my *Sforza* one of these ? you grieue
Because you haue no longer cause to grieue.

Sans. O I doe feare your griefe, that it does glance
With a most vnderu'd disgrace at me ;
As if I were a-kinne vnto the fault
Of my false brother : O repeat that thought,
It is no great thing I request you to,
But trust vnto the faith that you haue found.
Would I betray, and follow you ? d'ye thinke,
I'd be so mad to buy my banishment ?
No man would be vnprofitably false,
Nor I for any profit : speake your selfe
If I haue left you, when your Fortune did ?
Nay, then my loue was greatest, when you least,
I was your subiect, when you were no Prince.

Sf. Sansfuerin, thy feare is too too fond,
And like the people, the Authoritie,
Who make an impious confusion
Of an high birth, and of an higher crime :
Who in a sawcy thwarting to their Prince,
Count him still worst, whom he has made the best,
As if we gaue him, with his honors, crimes,

And

And made him vicious, when fortunate.
 No, let them spend their breath in idle talke,
 Count thee or trecherous, or cowardly?
 Whilst to thy *Sforza* thou art still the same,
 Most valiant, and with thy valour, wise,
 That by thy abstinence a while from warre,
 Hast sau'd vs forces for a victory.

Sans. The Subiects life lies in the Princes voice:
 Now you haue cleer'd me I dare hasten warre,
 And with more enemies, then cowards feare:
 That you may see, by my neglect of bloud,
 (Which I shall onely loue when shed for you)
 How slaunder was my most fear'd enemy.

Sf. No more, my dearest friend: we lole all time
 Which we doe saue from fight, still there does flocke
 New forces to our Army, and the French
 Are now as much amaz'd, as proud before:
 We lately tooke the Swizzers into pay,
 Those that dare sell their liues to any cause,
 Whom Gold hath arm'd for me: if they proceed
 In their first heat, we winne: but if they faile
 We cannot be more wretched then we were:
 The vilest chance of lucke can make vs know
 But an Addition to an Ouertthrow.

Scena secunda.

*The Captaine of the Swizzers, with a Souldier, as a fugitiue
 from the French.*

Soul. **N**OW w'are alone I dare reueale my selfe,
 I am not what I seeme, a Fugitiue,
 But one that from *Triulcio* doe bring

Letters that much concerne you.

Capt.

VVhat ? to me ?

Letters vnto his enemy ? let's see :

Ex. Sou?.

Expect an answer in my Tent.—VVhat's here ?

Letter.

THou Man of Action, whom it's Italians
Feele their Achilles, both to wound, and beate :

Triulcio salutes thee : what is past,
As past recall he will not mention,
But for the future this ; you ayd a man,
From whom you cannot any way expect
Reward, or Honor, such his pouerty
Both in desert, and meanes ? but against whom ?
I will not urge they are your Countrymen,
Partakers of the same sweet soyle with you,
Who onely differ in their better choice :

Yet so farre doe I prize your worth, to thinke,
You haue not put off Nature, nor haue chang'd
With your home ayre, your home-affections.
That you are still a Swizzer : thinke of this,
And that at other times twere shame to flye,
Now onely flight shewes Magnanimity.

Triulcio.

VVhat shall I doe ? O I am lost in doubt,
Nor know, what to refuse, or what to grant.

Shall then the Swizzers to their valour adde

A tainture of disloyaltie ? to whom ?

VVho can accuse vs for our trechery ?

One that has patroniz'd it by his act :

That hath betraid his Nephew : shall a man

Be counted trecherous, that betrayes vice ?

It was a crime to aide him, can it be

A crime to leaue him too ? O paradox !

Resolue

Resolue me Goodnesse what tis best to doe :
 And that does whisper a dislike: for what,
 What goodnesse can there be in ciuill warre?
 When we shall kill them that were borne with vs,
 When we shall make the Father dye his sword
 In the sonnes blood, and strangely giue a death
 To him, to whom he kindly gaue a life,
 When the mixt blood of the same Family
 Shall make a cruell incest: this we doe
 If we are honest: Ile learne treason first,
 And the most accurate sinne. *Trinlcio,*
 Our Country calls vs, and not thou, to be
 Dishonest then is the best honesty. *Ex.*

Scena tertia.

Picinino in his study, with a Deaths-head and a Watch.

pic. **T**His is the summe, I can but be like this.
 After the prouder threatning of the French,
 After the sure impression of Discaies
 I can but be like this: then let me thinke
 What losse I haue when I am made like this:
 This feares no French: a peece of ordinance
 Can breake, but not astonish this, no force
 Can draw a teare, no not a sigh from hence:
 And can it be a losse to be like this?
 O Death! why art thou fear'd? why doe we thinke
 Tis such a horrid terror. Not to Be?
 Why, not to be, is, not to be a wretch,
 Why, not to be, is, to be like the heau'ns,
 Not to be subiect to the pow'r of Fate:
 O there's no happinesse but not to be. *to the Watch.*

But

But thou discloser of the stealth of Time;
Let me inquire how much is worne away
Of this sad houre: the halfe? O speedy time!
That mak'st vs feeble, ere we can thinke of Age,
Ere we can take an order for the Graue. *Enter Jul.*

Jul. What? deepe in meditation, noble friend?
So studious of your Watch? alas good man,
Thou needst not this faint helpe to guesse at Fate,
These siluer haire are watch enough for thee.

Pic. I onely looke how many minutes hence
Milan expires.

Jul. O swift Arithmeticke,
To summe by minutes our sad Duchies age.
Pic. This VWatch doth teach reall Philosophy,
There is no tutor to this actiue brasse:
VWhat is a Kingdome, but a larger watch?
VVound vp by Fate vnto some scores of yeares,
And then it falls: good *Iuliano* list,
Harke how it beats, how strongly, and how fast,
Beyond the motion of a nimble pulse:
VWho would not thinke this were a lasting noise?
And yet it ends: after some date of howes
The watch will be as silent as the head.
O tis our folly, folly, my deare friend,
Because we see th'actiuitie of States,
To flatter them with false Eternity:
VWhy longer then the dweller lasts the house?
Why should the world be alwaies, and not man?
Sure kingdomes are as mortall as their Kings,
And stay but longer for their period.

Jul. I feare our Climastericall is now:
When all professions turne to souldier,
To that curst Art that thrives by Destiny.
The sithes are straighted into swords, and th'Earth

Being

Being not wounded is vndone, where once
 Stood buildings, which an humble Poetry
 Without too bold a swelling might giue Kings ;
 Whole Mines vndone to beautific one roose,
 Now onely Desolation dwels : weake grieffe,
 To say Corne growes, where once a City stood,
 That sustenance is there where no men are,
 This is a trifling, and halfe misery :
 Our Lands now onely furnish vs with Graues,
 Can hide vs, but not feed vs ; we would thinke
 Our Cities standing, though the buildings fell,
 If we had no grieffe, but Fertility.

Pic. But on what strength does *Sforza* still subsist
 Against so powrefull foes ?

Iul. The Emperor
 Has sold him some few *Almaines*, but his hopes
 Chiefly depend vpon the valiant *Swizze*,
 Who were the chiefe in his depression.

Pic. Has his grosse braine not learnt the danger yet
 Of bringing strangers into *Italy* ?
 He call'd the French to *Naples*, who haue now
 Found *Millan* too : O what's the difference
 Betwixt a mercenary and a foe ?
 But that we kill one for his outrages,
 And hyre the other ? *Juliano*, I
 May feele misfortune, but will neuer buy. *Ex.*

Scena quarta.

Sforza, Sanseuerin.

Sanf. **T**he French are mighty, and portentously
 Rise by their fall : strong shame begets a rage,
 And a disdain, that you whom they expell'd

Should

Should hazard their expulsion, makes them hazard,
What ere being ventur'd, addes a fame to Man,
And giues a glory to his misery.

They are so farre from the bale feare of death,
That they embrac't, and like those fiercer curres,
That spend their anger on the senselesse stone
Not daring to attempt on him that threw,

They with a senselesse anger breake the darts
That naile them to the Earth, as if they scorn'd
Their killer should suruiue them : other lets,
As heat, or hunger, are their exercise :

That one would thinke they'd lost all part of man
VWhen they did meane to shew the best : my Lord,
I wish a swift, but loue a certaine conquest:
I thinke twere wisdome to protract the fight.

sf. I know thou speakst what thou thinkest best : but know,
Tis wisdome to delay on equall fame :
But when a foe has wonne opinion,
Which drawes all eyes, and hearts to him, O then
A valiant desperation fits a man :
For victory is not impossible,
And honour necessary : my best friend,
Call forth our Swizzers, and if happy swords
Though few, may cut a way to glory, come : *Enter Capt*
The purchase is aboue the paines : but here *with Switz*
Come they that shall fill histories : braue friends .
Now is the time we shall imploy your swords,
And teach the world your valour.

Capt. You may faile :

'Tis better to be wise : *Sforza*, I'me come
To take my leaue of you, nor shall much breath
Bespent in ceremoniall complement,
I am the French Kings souldier.

sf. Speake low,

Let

Let not the ayre feele such a treason, know
 There is a pow'r aboue vs, and that pow'r
 Thunders sometimes, I know, thou darst not stand
 In contestation with the pow'r of heau'n:
 Reuoke thy words.

Cap. Ile doe no miracles:

My voice and faith are past.

Sf. Yes they are past:

Thou art made vp all of disloyalty,
 Reason hath nothing of thee: yet relate
 (If thou hast any reliques left of sense,
 Ile not coniure thee by strange Honesty)
 Why dost thou leaue the heau'ns, and vs, and so
 For nothing dost commit a double Treason?

Cap. Ile satisfie you thus, you see I doe't:

Strike vp a march.

Sf. Yet stay: what is the price
 That makes thee trecherous, Ile turne prodigall
 To buy thee to a vertue: stay: be rich,
 Without a curse, without a fault.

Cap. Tis vaine,
 I'me deafe to Rhetoricke: yet say th'ast met
 With a good periurer, my word is past,
 And to be twice a traytor, is a fault
 No sorrow can atone for: yet thus farre
 Ile straine my selfe to please thee, tis well knowne,
 Vnlesse you get vnto *Ascanio*,
 Your hopes are at the last, but betweene you
 And him, the French haue interpos'd themselues,
 Nothing remains but that you trust to me,
 And in a Swizzers coat disguise your selfe,
 That you may passe their Army.

Sf. O hard strait,
 Must *Sforza* impotently hide himselfe?

Or can a Prince be hid? I haue oft heard
Sparkes of Diuinity adorne his face,
To cleare him from the multitude: why then,
The being a Prince will make vs be no Prince,
We being betraid by our owne Maiesty.
Yet off, ye enuy'd roabes, fall to the Earth,
O fall so low, that henceforth Man may scorne
The labour of descent to take you vp:
On, on, ye happy roabes, that like good clouds
Doe not obscure, but for a time defend
The threatned Sunne, that he may after shine
With higher vigour: I haue heard of some,
That weare their flesh with hairecloth for their crimes,
As thinking to be good if they were rough,
By such a wilde repentance: be it so
These robes offended, then there is an hope
These ragges may expiate heau'n

Enter Trinculo

French.

Tri.

Braue souldiers,

How we reioice we may embrace at last,
Not with arm'd hands, without the guilt and shame
Of ciuill murther! but are these the troupes
That now must learne to vse their valour well?
To giue a death without a prodegy?
A conqu'ring cheerfulnesse adornes their face.
These are not common souldiers: looke you pale,
Then I must know the mystery.

Cap.

I'me betrayd.

Tri. Yea I know all, but yet from thy forc'd tongue
Will I extract confession; fetch a racke,
To make him howle the truth, he will not speake,

Cap. I can dare torments for wise honesty,
But when you know as much as I can tell,
Should I conceale't, all policy would iudge,
I did deserue the worst that I endur'd:

F

Who

Who told you this was Sforza?

Sf.

O my braine!

Must subtletie perish by subtlery?
And our high wisdom finde a Conqueror?
Make an end Nature, the great worke is done,
Sforza is ouer-reacht — weake, childish rage:
Is this to lessen, or make misery?
Can passion loose vs, or a courteous teare
Wash off our fetters? if it can, poure eyes,
Poure out wet comfort; if it can, refuse
The curse of slumber, but it cannot, then
Couet a slumber euermorlingly,
And be like me, imprison'd in your lids.
Conuey vs quickly hence, kinde friends, you know
Sforza can neuer be a prisoner here,
Conuey vs thither where we are no Prince,
And must we woog our Ruine? neuer man
Is a true wretch, but when he loseth all,
And wants the sad Election of his fall.

Scena ultima.

Juliana, Picinina.

Jul. I Me lost in this confusion: one reports
We haue lost all; another instantly
Kills all the French at once: thus eu'ry street
Is filld with wandring people; some cry, Arme,
Others runne crying, to perswade a flight:
All haue an earnest businesse in the stirre,
But in the helpe not any.

Pic.

These are they
That if an happy messenger should come

With

With Sforza's victory, would pretend at least
To be overcome with ioy: the gorgeous wals
Should shine with painted triumphs, and the French
Should be againe vanquish't in pageant.
But if his fortune yeeld to the French force,
What obloquy's will be enough for him?
Disgrace will then be wit, and any braine
Will venture on a Libell.

'Tis the vse,

The popular folly to admire euents,
And those low soules thinke that the sword is iust,
Proportioning the reason by the end
Of the chiefe acts, of the best enterprize,
And so by folly runne into a crime.

Is. No matter for their wisdom, were they good:

O why are such term'd innocents? but friend,

What is our ayme? a flight our age denyes,

And whither should we flye, but to the graue?

O I haue so much people in me too,

That I could wish thy company.

Enter Mal-
uerrxo.

Good Heau'ns!

Am I escap'd? may I stay safely here?

My feare has left such neere impressions,

I scarce dare thinke that this is Liberty.

Is. Noble Maluerrxo, is there any hope?

Mal. As much as in despaire: we are betraid,

Sforza is made a prisoner, all's lost,

And Millan, without blowes, is once more French.

Is. Now I remember what I dream't last night,

(If it be safe to call a vision, Dreame,)

I saw our Sforza in so pale a shape,

That Enuy neuer was describ'd more wan,

Who frighted me with this relation.

The Tragedy of Sforza.

STart not astonisht mortall : let no feare
 Chill thee to my pale image, but fixe here :
 Let thy once Prince be thy now spectacle,
 Whilst I the direst Tragedy shall tell
 That euer challeng'd wonder : briefly then,
 I was betraid, betraid, and by those men
 By whom I conquer'd : 'tis an happy end
 To perish for, but neuer by a friend.
 This our first death : but then—O could curst Time
 Dare euer such a Minute, such a Crime ?
 Then was I pinion'd, then these royall hands
 Were forc'd obedient to the base commands
 Of an insulting Conqueror, and knit
 Vnto a hated vniou, I were fit
 If euer Heau'n shed teares, then to distill
 Mourning's Elixar, though th' expence should kill
 The hopes of after Ages: but Heau'n smit'd
 Nor any courteous clouds were wisely pit'd
 Ouer the Sunnes sharpe beames, but they gaz'd on
 With the same visage of compassion
 As did my torturers, [by whom I'me brought
 Vnto a place the which some shallower thought
 Has faintly term'd a prison, but to tell
 The truth of horror, 'twas on Earth, an Hell :
 Darknesse so dwell there, that I might be wonne
 To wish the cruell comfort of the Sunne,
 Which earst I rau'd at : twas a narrow caue,
 Form'd to the modell of a lesser graue,
 Or straitned Coffin, all was length, for they
 Left not the height that I might kneele to pray.
 Was euer such a bed ? could euer yet
 Cruelty boast of such a subtle wit
 To bury so ! some that haue entred Earth
 Alike, like me, yet by the vsuall mirth

The Tragedy of Sforza.

69

*Of iustice had their buriall with meat,
As if it should be their punishment to eate,
From which I me barr'd, I had no food, but me,
And yet a guest of famine; Courtesie
At last seiz'd heau'n, I dy'd; and so though late,
I both appeas'd and triumpht ouer Fate.*

But where am I? what extasie was this?

Luc. How quickly we learne misery? no ghost
Would haue so courteously relinquisht Hell
To reach vs happinesse: if a kind starre
Had cast a Fortune on vs beyond wish,
We might expect the story from the starre
As soone as the deare benefit: but when griefe
That against which we would scale vp our eares,
When that is meant vs, we shall surely heare,
Though heau'n doe straine for a new Miracle,
So to amaze vs to a certainty:
Though rotten carcases regaine a voice,
And hell is bounteous of intelligence,
To giue vs teares.

Pic. Why, then an end to teares,
Let's scorne the sorrow, which we owe to hell:
Now learne we the prodigious effects
Of wise Ambition: for twere easie iustice
To ruine foolish vsurpation,
Heau'n needs not stickle in't: but when those men
Who are as accurate, as bad, who can
So shape their vice into a vertuous mould,
That we repine at the accusers more,
Then at the guilty: when that these men fall,
Who then will call that wise, which he sees bad?
Such wisdom made, and ruin'd him: then ye
That dazle with your Maiesty, and sit
Too neere to thunder, and not feare it, know

Sforza

Sforza, and learne a wise contempt of wisdomes,
 Frailty attends your best, and strongest trickes,
 And there's no foole vnto the Politicke,

The Epilogue.

Somewhat beyond an end? and can there be
 Tedioufnesse counted an Apology?

It was prolixity of speech offended,
 And can that error by more speech be mended?

Your patience stints the wonder: that is it

Hath dar'd vs to be publike, and to sit

These times of tempest, with a blustering scene.

If ought doe please, if we haue hit the meane,

Thar neither cloyes the Auditor, nor starues,

Feliciy hath crown'd vs, if ought swarues

From plausible inuention, know 'twas it

Which we intend, which is in stead of wit.

Teares grace a Tragedy, and we are glad

To haue the happy power to make you sad,

Continue it, and our applause is high,

Not from your Hand so much, as from your eye.

To the Ambitious.

Tell me, mortalls, if there be

Ought beside stupidity

Hidden in you at the least,

If you are not all one beast

VWhere.

Wherefore doe you cloud your face
If you want the chiefeft place?

Why doe you respect? O why?
Not how good 'tis, but how high?

Would you all be Kings? O vaine,
This is but to entertaine

Such desires, that you may feare,
Lest the heau'n should lend an care,
Lest you haue what you desir'd,
And in your owne boggs be myr'd,
Height is basenesse, if it be
Leuel'd by Æquality,

And the Earth were a plaine still,
If it were but one great hill.

Would you all be Kings? as though
Standing pooles should wish to flow,
Or a riuer make his plea
To exceed into a Sea:

As if of the stars not one,
But should strue to be the Sun,
Or the Larke would partner be
In the Eagles soueraignty.

Would you not be mad to see,
If a beast, a stone, a tree
To the heau'nly powers ran
Angry that they were not man?
Nay in vs consider well
To what Monsters we should swell,
If but any Part should be
Of the Mans infirmity.

What should lead, or what be led,
If the feet were made the Head?
What should speake, or what should see,
If this itch of Maiessty

Made

Made the mouth, for being nigh,
Beg aduancement to the eye.

Would you all be Kings, poore men!
Wish, what you would wish agen,
Which within your thoughts dares bide,
And's not fearfull to be try'd.

What's a King, consider well,

But the publike Sentinell?

But a Beacon, which we find

Highly subiect to the wind?

And can any still desire

To be worse, so he be higher?

Are you weary of your sleepe,

Can you count it blisse, to creepe,

To take paines vnto that height,

Whence your fall may gaine a weight,

Would you all be Kings? you may,

Euery man hath regall sway,

And 'tis this the fault does beare,

Not that he commands, but where.

Doe thy thoughts rebell? would Pride

Haue thy worst acts magnifi'd?

Does Ambition make thee flee

To forbidden Sou'raignty.

Know it is a brauer way

To forbid, then to obey:

Know it is a nobler deed,

To giue ouer, then to speed.

Were this all? would euery one

But command himselfe alone,

But command his owne desire,

From the thought of rising higher:

It would not be a grieve to see

An vniuersall Monarchy.

FINIS.

The explanation of the first chapter.

A Letter in this is they goe
A wicked Church for report
Which is long, but being found
Another is long then the first
(such is the kind of the first)
They make a picture of the last
From whence he shall not the last
But by his wife A daughter
So when from hence to last the mind
Heard before the door he find
When to expell their crime and make
The village as their own guide
Into twelve pieces has divided
The body that was once his bride
Now Christ is being, and though
They twice hang in the church now
Vnto their better yet as long
They find Vice hath no lasting strength
For now their town is as their Ditch
And as they burn in Hell to the fire